CHONET

SNOOPY AND HIS SOPWITH CAMEL

COLOUR ON EVERY PAGE

By CHARLES M. SCHULZ

Snoopy and His Sopwith Camel

PRESENTING

The World War I flying ace . . . here "giving his regards to old Broadway" before beginning another mission against his old arch enemy.

"Actually, World War I flying aces very seldom drank root beer," he explains.

But Snoopy was not like the others— "Doggondest daredevil I ever knew."

—The Red Baron

Charles M. Schulz

Snoopy and His Sopwith Camel

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Part One

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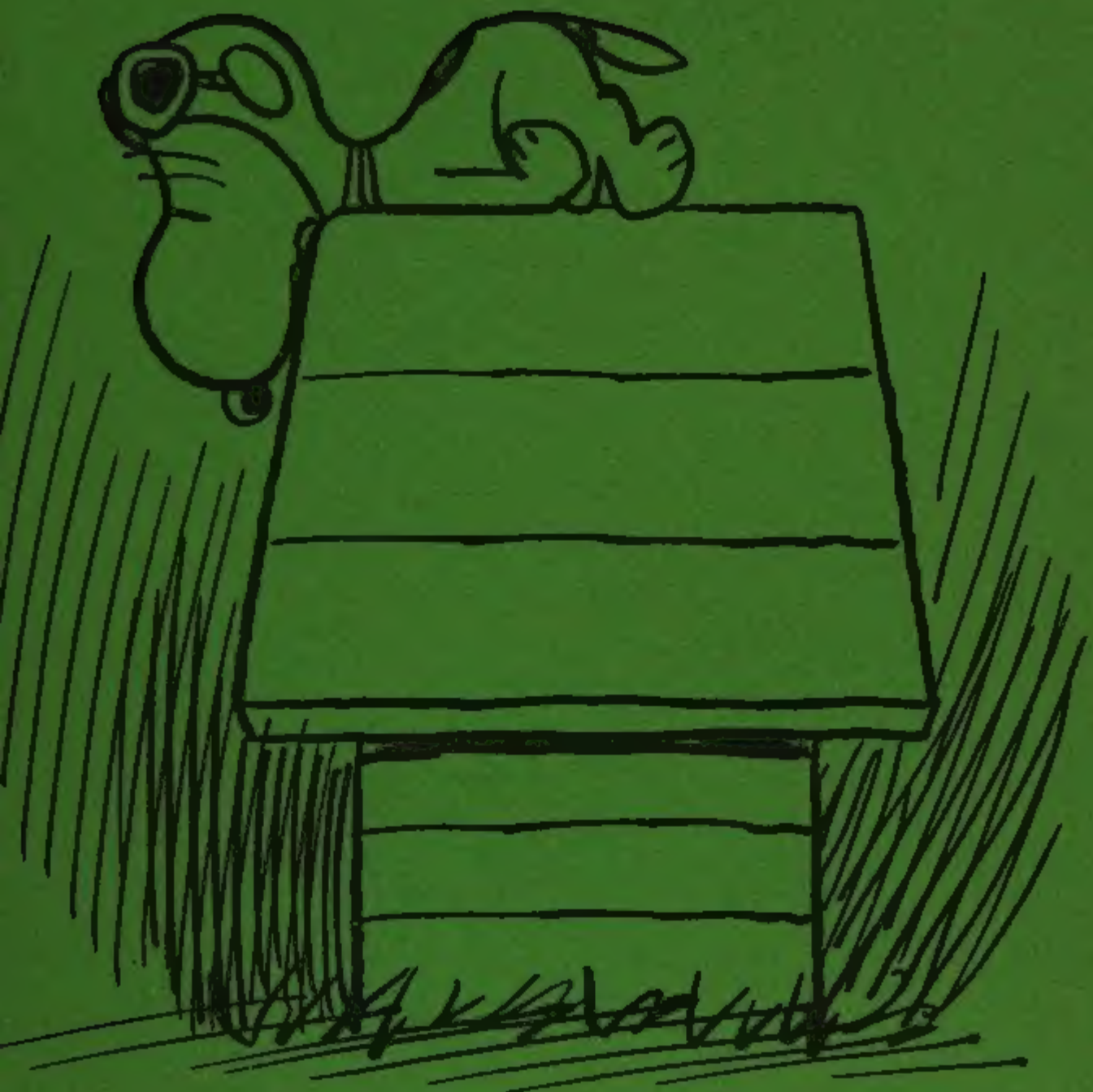
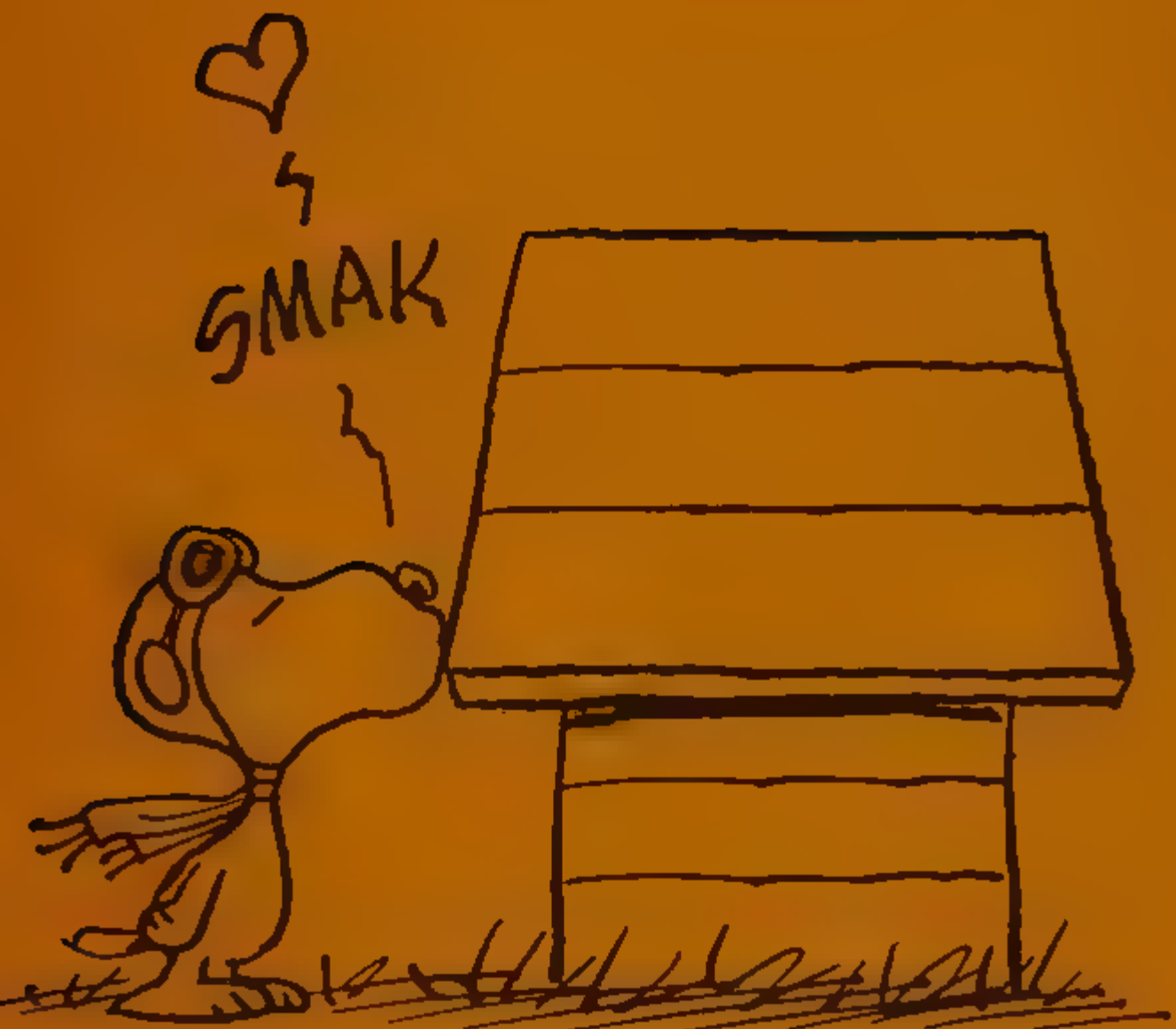
Here's the World War I flying ace being awakened to fly another dawn patrol.

"AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING?!"

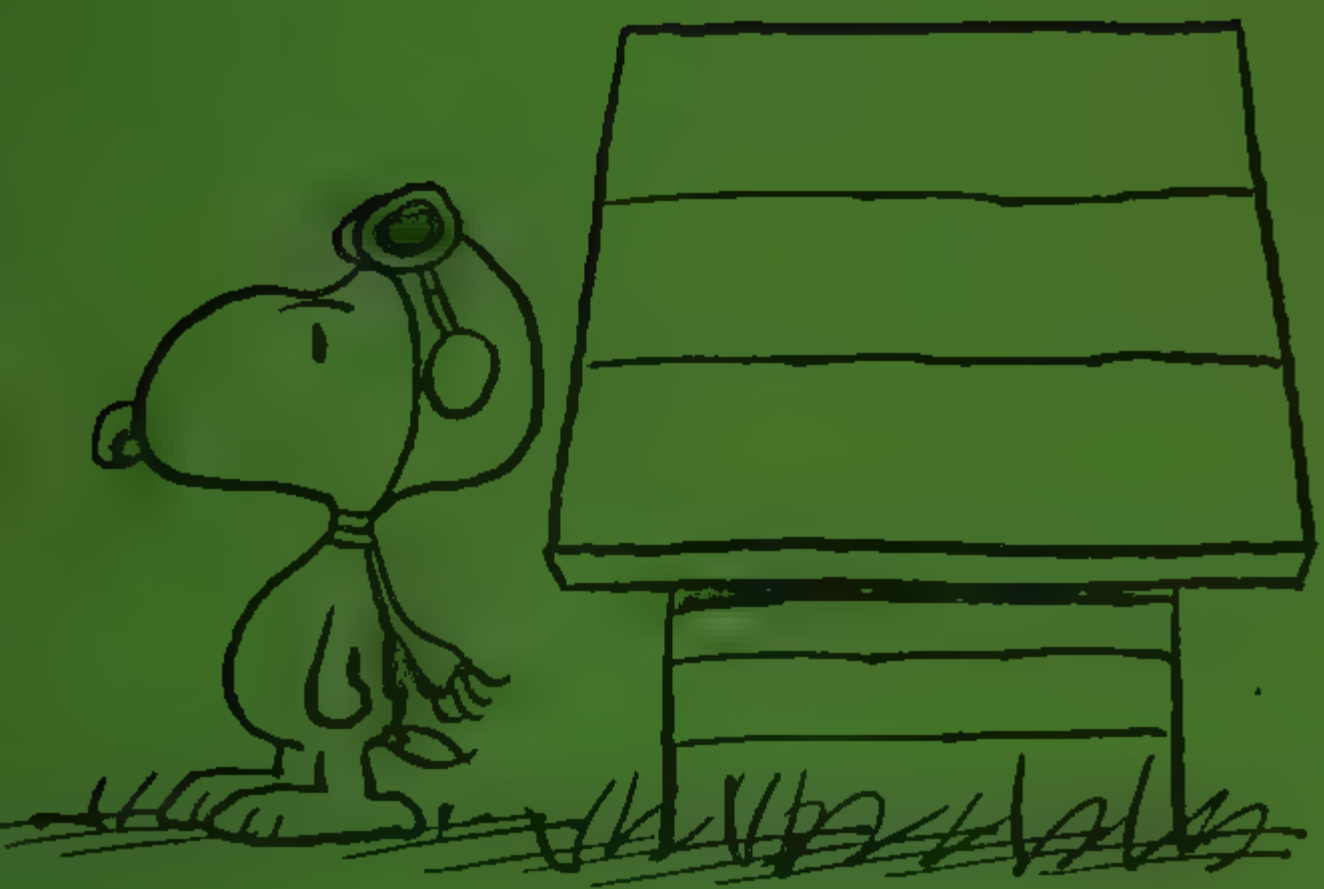


"Tell President Wilson to call me at ten."

Here's the World War I flying ace walking out onto the aerodrome somewhere in France.

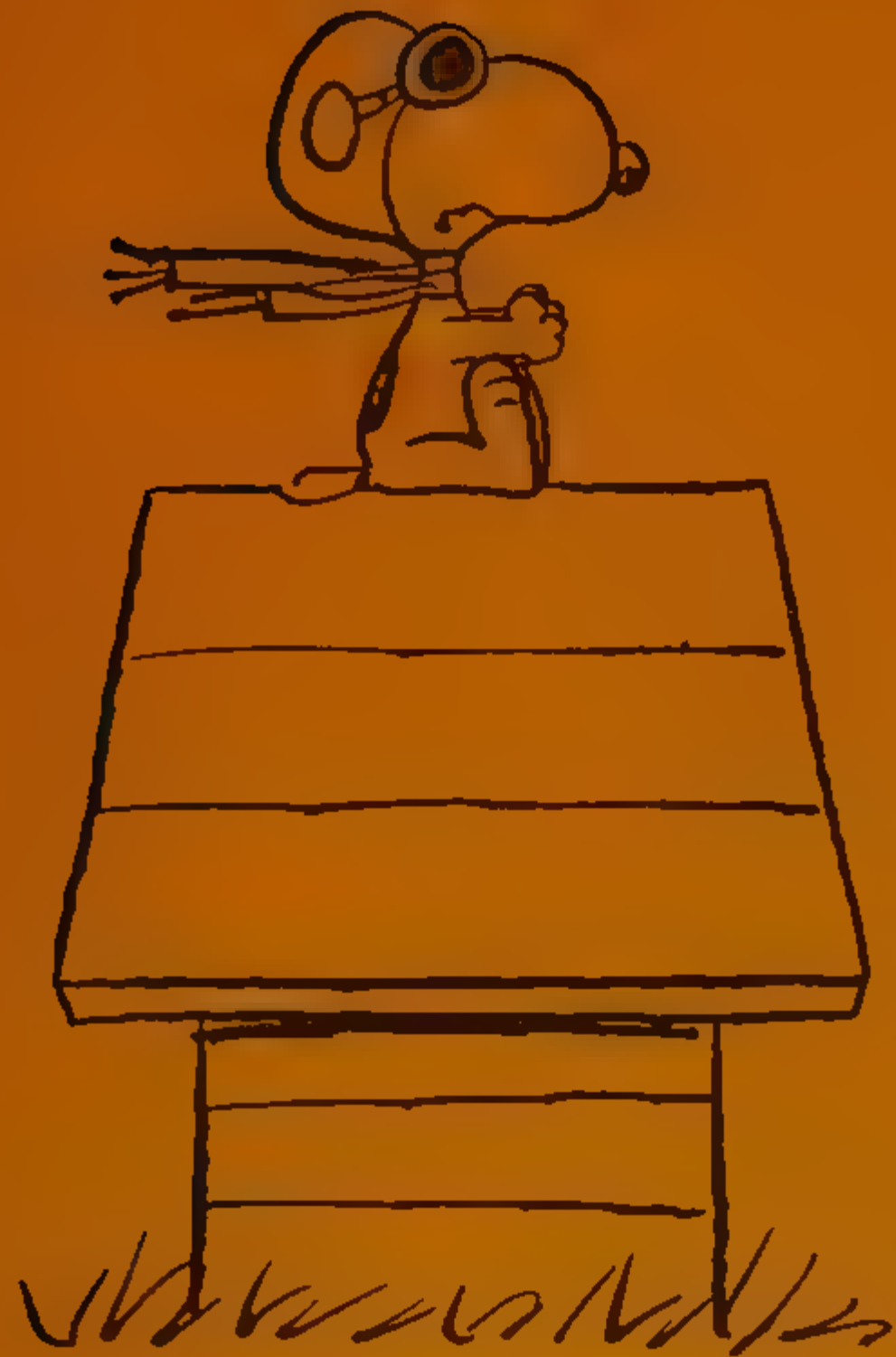

SMAK

I love my Sopwith Camel.



"Where's my stupid mechanic?"

"I hate it when he's late with my toasted English muffin."



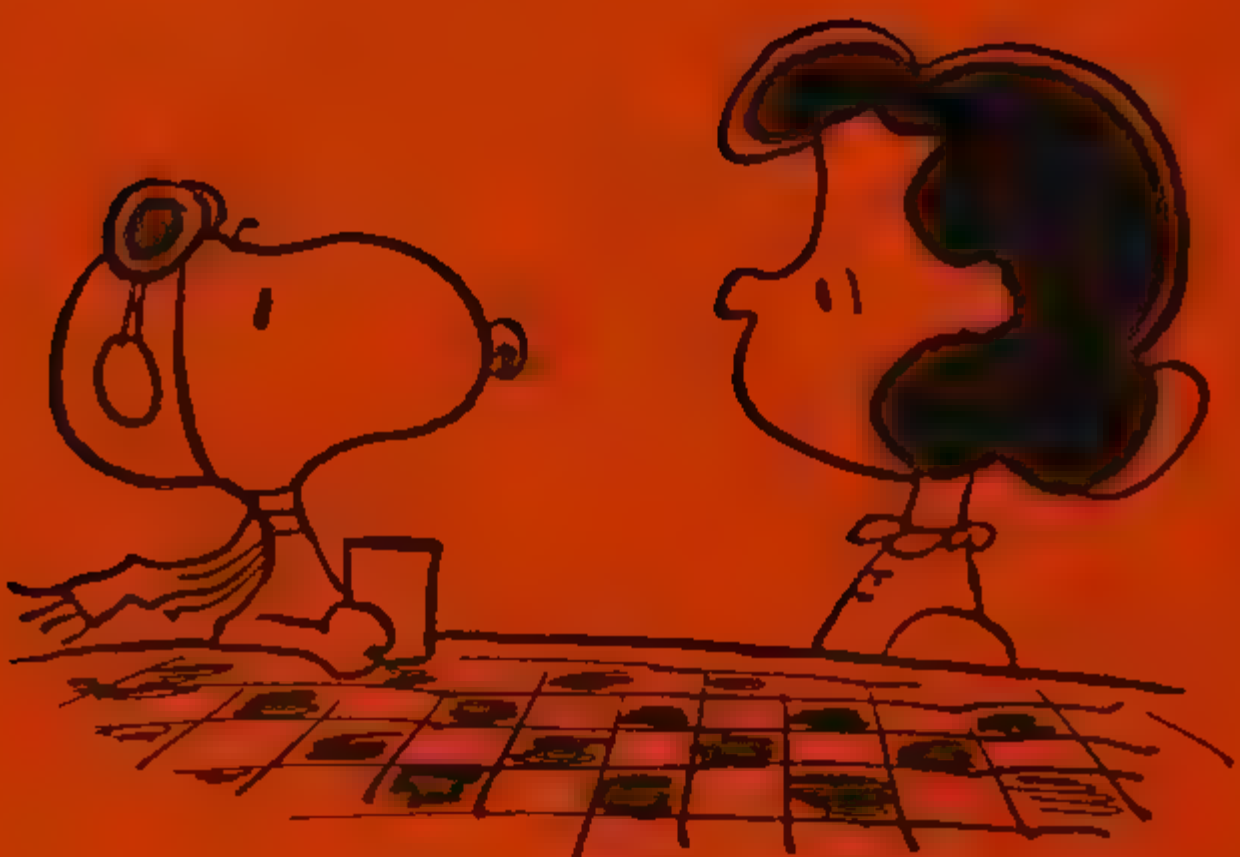
Here's the World War I flying ace taking off on a dangerous mission ...our supply sergeant has told me to take good care of my Sopwith Camel.

Our supply sergeant hates me!

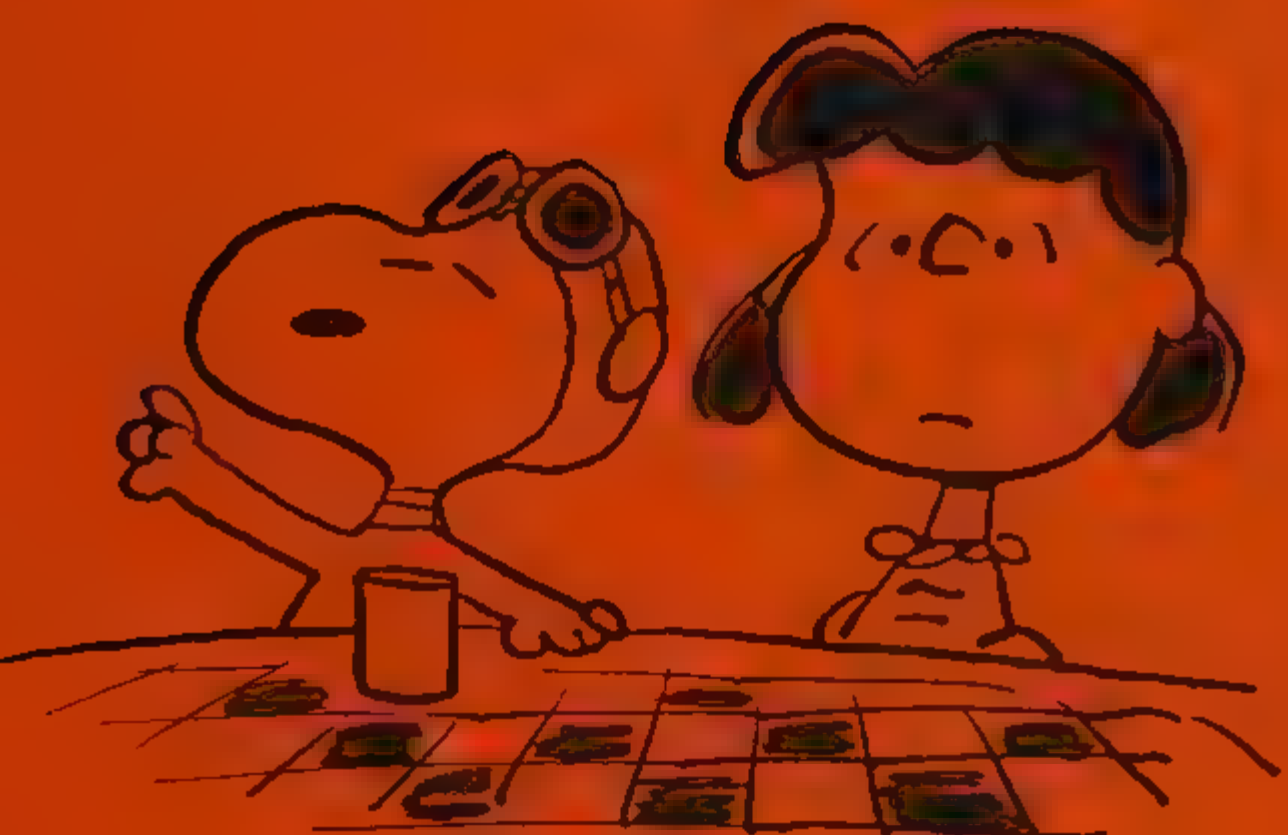
"Some people have dogs who chase cars, some people have dogs who bite the mailman, some people have dogs who dig up gardens...."

Here's the World War I flying ace back at the base...he is very depressed...he is sitting alone in a small French café drinking root beer...

Actually, World War I flying aces very seldom drank root beer...



Ah! A shy country lass approaches...



I shall buy her a root beer and impress her with my tales of heroic deeds.

As the night goes on, we become very friendly...

I think this simple country lass has fallen for me...I could probably become fond of her, too, if she weren't so ugly!

The next morning I report to my commanding officer for orders... he is always impressed by my snappy salute!

Word has it that the Red Baron has been sighted near Toul... my mission is to search him out, and shoot him down....I study the map on the wall...

Here's the World War I flying ace taking off again in his Sopwith Camel.

As I fly south following the Moselle River, I scan the skies for that familiar red Fokker Triplane.[1]

[1] As I recall, it was a shade between International Orange and Sacramento Vermillion.

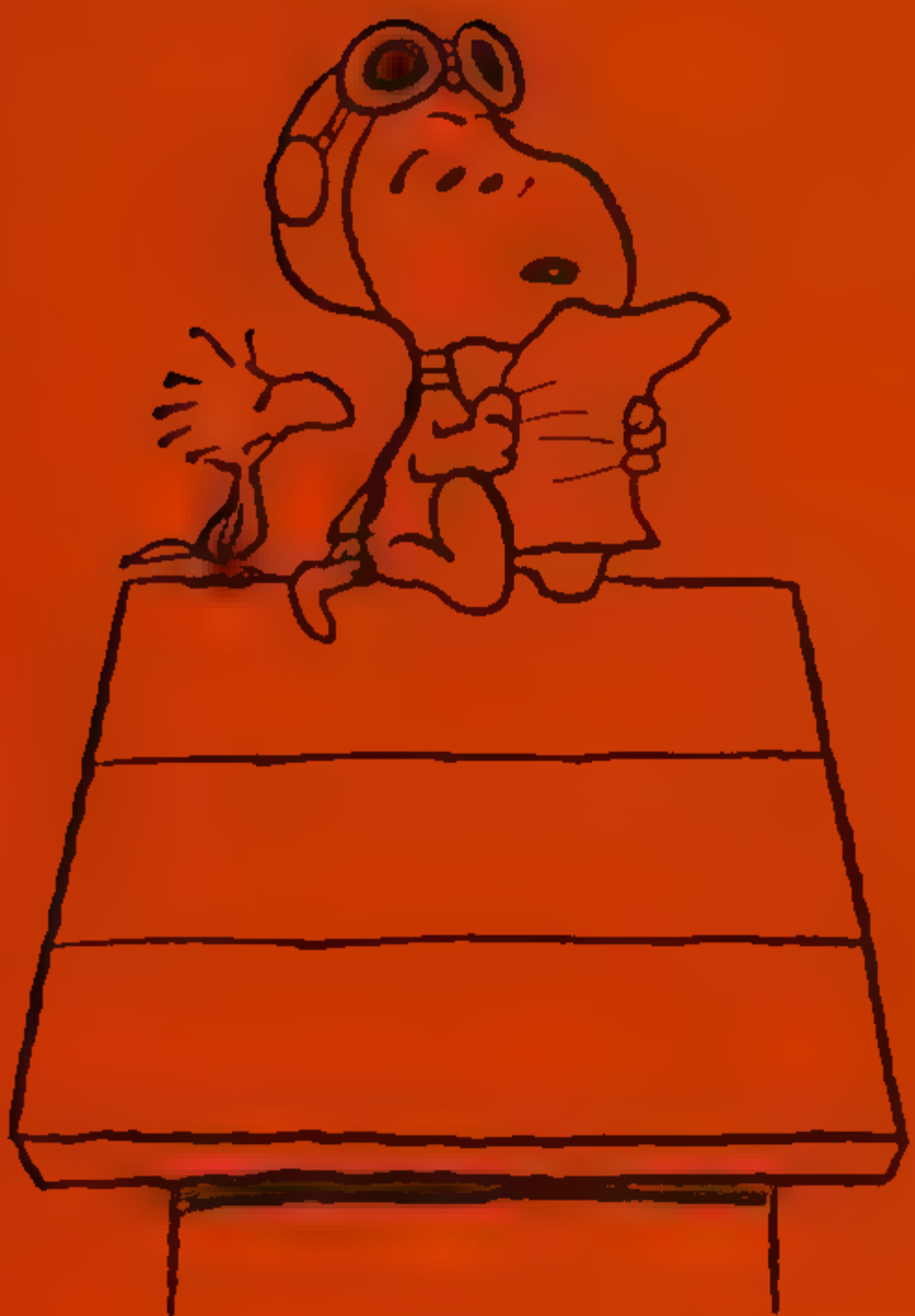
Too late! He has seen me first! A burst of tracers cuts across my wing!

This is what I get for sitting up all night drinking root beer.

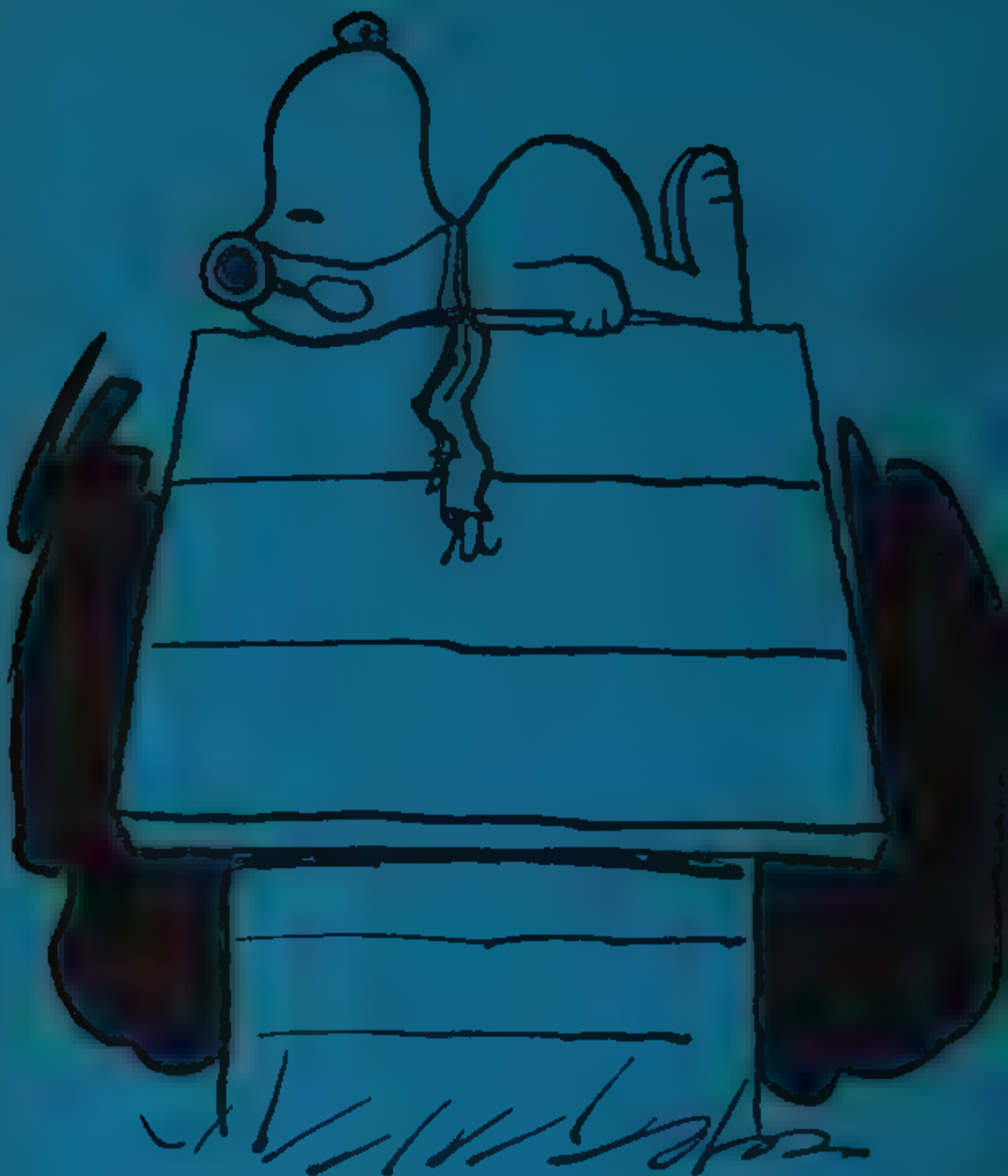
Only my great skill as a pilot enables me to return safely...my ground crew is overjoyed to see me.

The next day I am put on KP for losing too many Sopwith Camels! How humiliating!

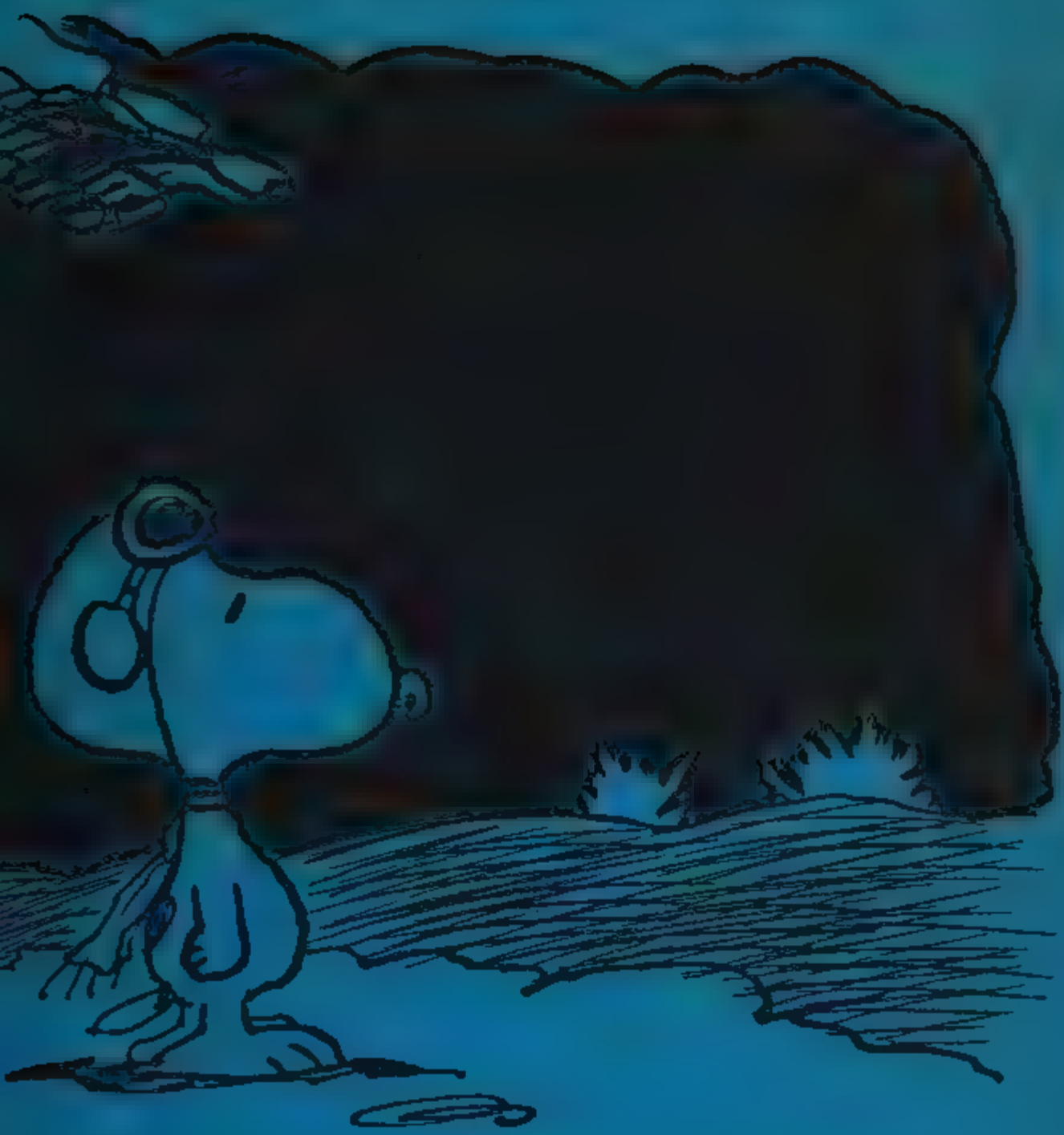
Part Two



The war drags on....News from the front is all bad. A big enemy push is expected at any moment.



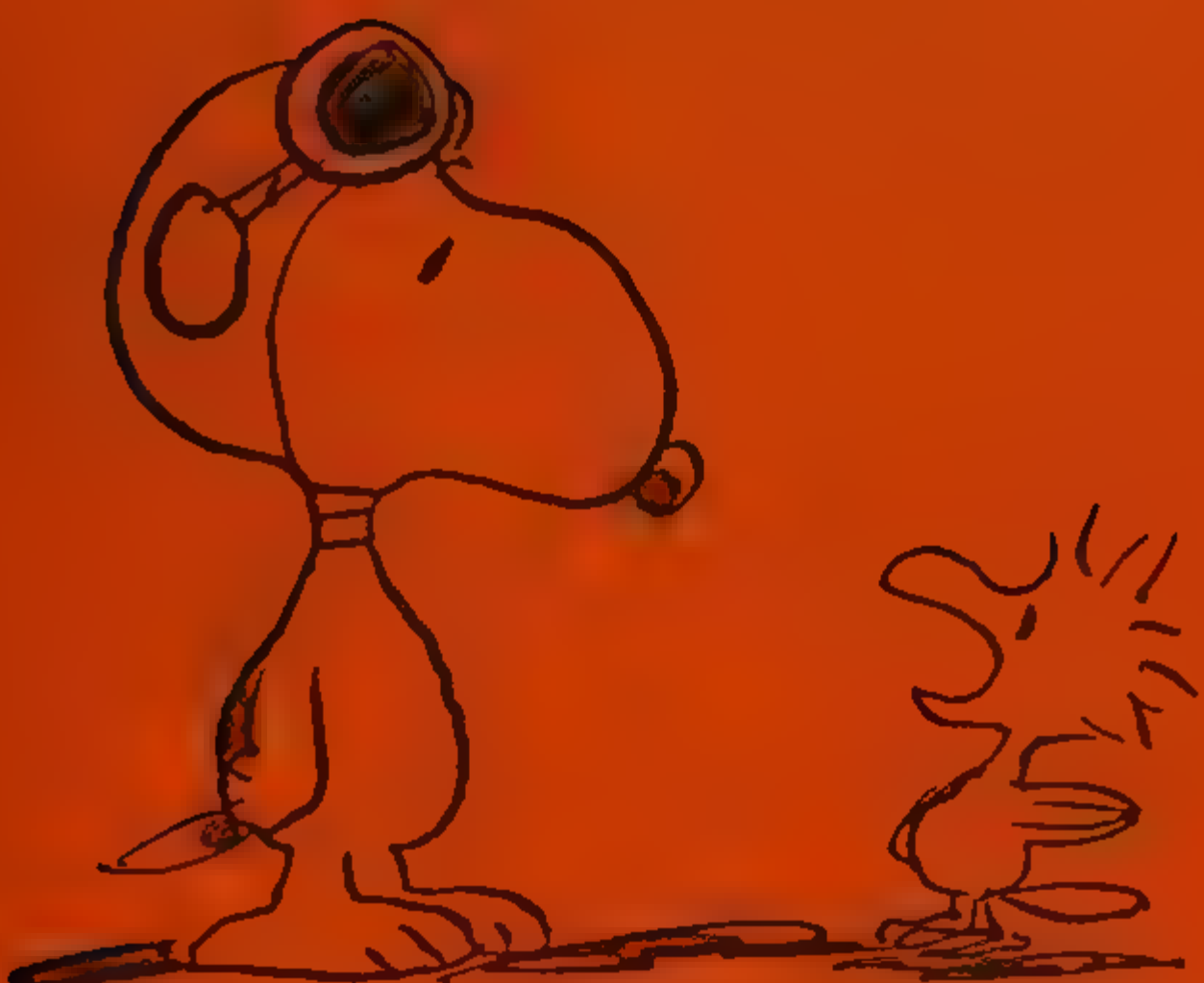
It is difficult to sleep...one longs for the comfortable beds of home.



Outside, flashes of artillery fire can be seen in the distance... a siren wails in the night... the sky is dark...[2]

[2]For more on dark skies, see my novel, IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT

"What are we all doing here? This war is madness."



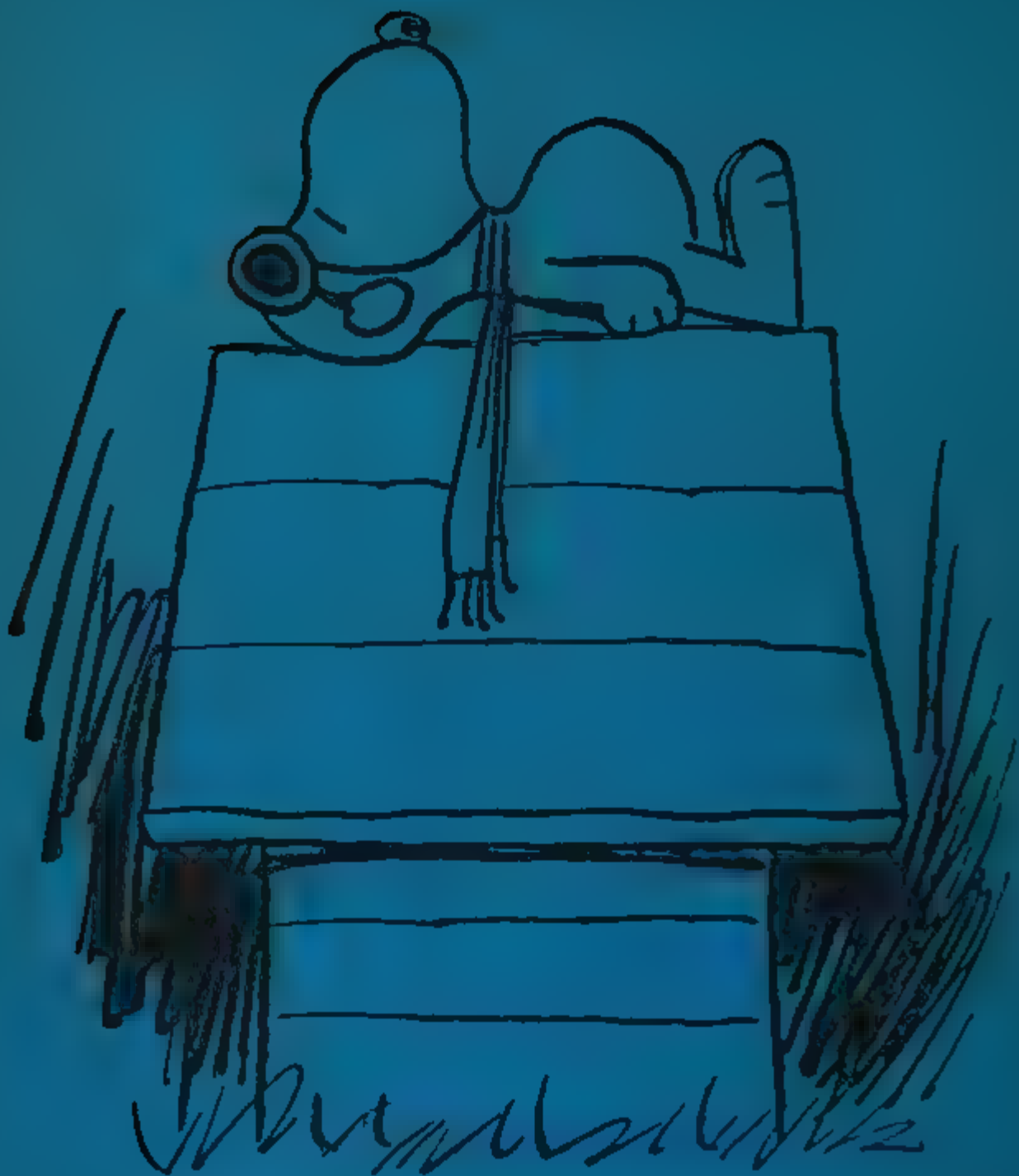
What's this? All pilots are instructed to report to headquarters immediately.

My first reaction is to realize that something is up.

We crowd into the briefing room. The other pilots are inspired by my quiet confidence.

This is the news we have been waiting for. An ammunition train is leaving Fère-en-Tardenois in the morning. It will be well guarded, but one lone plane flying very low just might be able to get through to it.

I, of course, immediately volunteer!



A few hours' rest before my important mission... I wonder if that shy country lass is thinking of me....

When I awaken, the first faint rays of dawn are beginning to lighten the sky...it is cold...curse this stupid war!

"Good morning, chaps . . . another important mission, eh what? But I daresay they are all important, eh what?"

Here's the World War I flying ace climbing into the cockpit of his Sopwith Camel...I check the instruments...they are all there...

The ground crew bids me farewell.

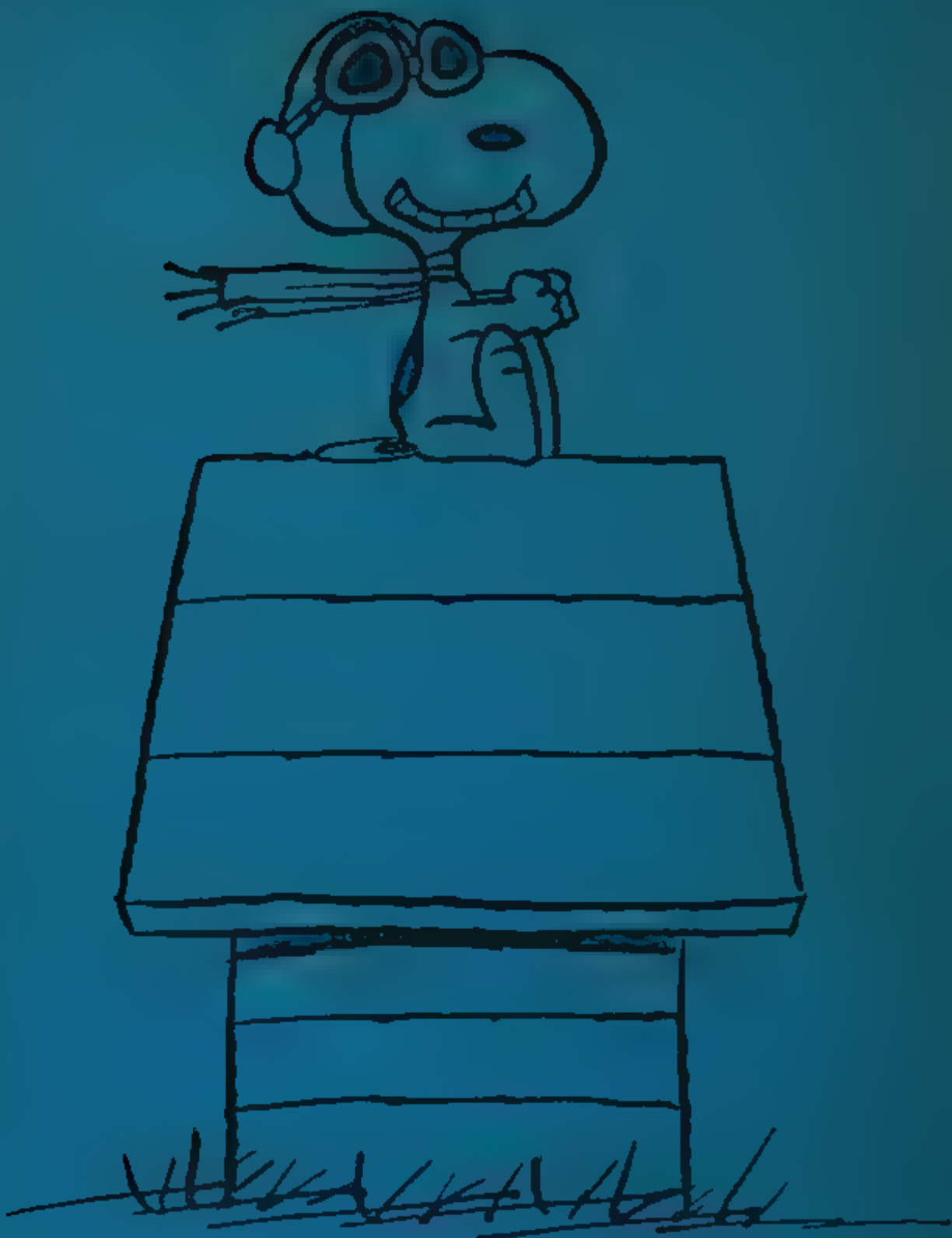
"Switch off!" "Coupez!" "Contact?"

"Contact it is!"

My route is along the Somme valley...as the early morning sun begins to warm the sky, I pass Morlancourt Ridge not realizing the dramatic role that this area is someday to play.[3]

[3] See my next book.

As I fly over the trenches, I wave to the poor blighters below....



Blighters appreciate your waving to them.

"There it is! There's the ammunition train!"

As I wheel about, puffs of angry flak appear in the sky.

And then another sound!
Machine-gun bullets tear through the side of my Sopwith Camel...
it's the Red Baron!

Fighting the controls with every ounce of my strength, I manage to bring my stricken craft down behind enemy lines.

I leap out of the burning cockpit, and run for cover.

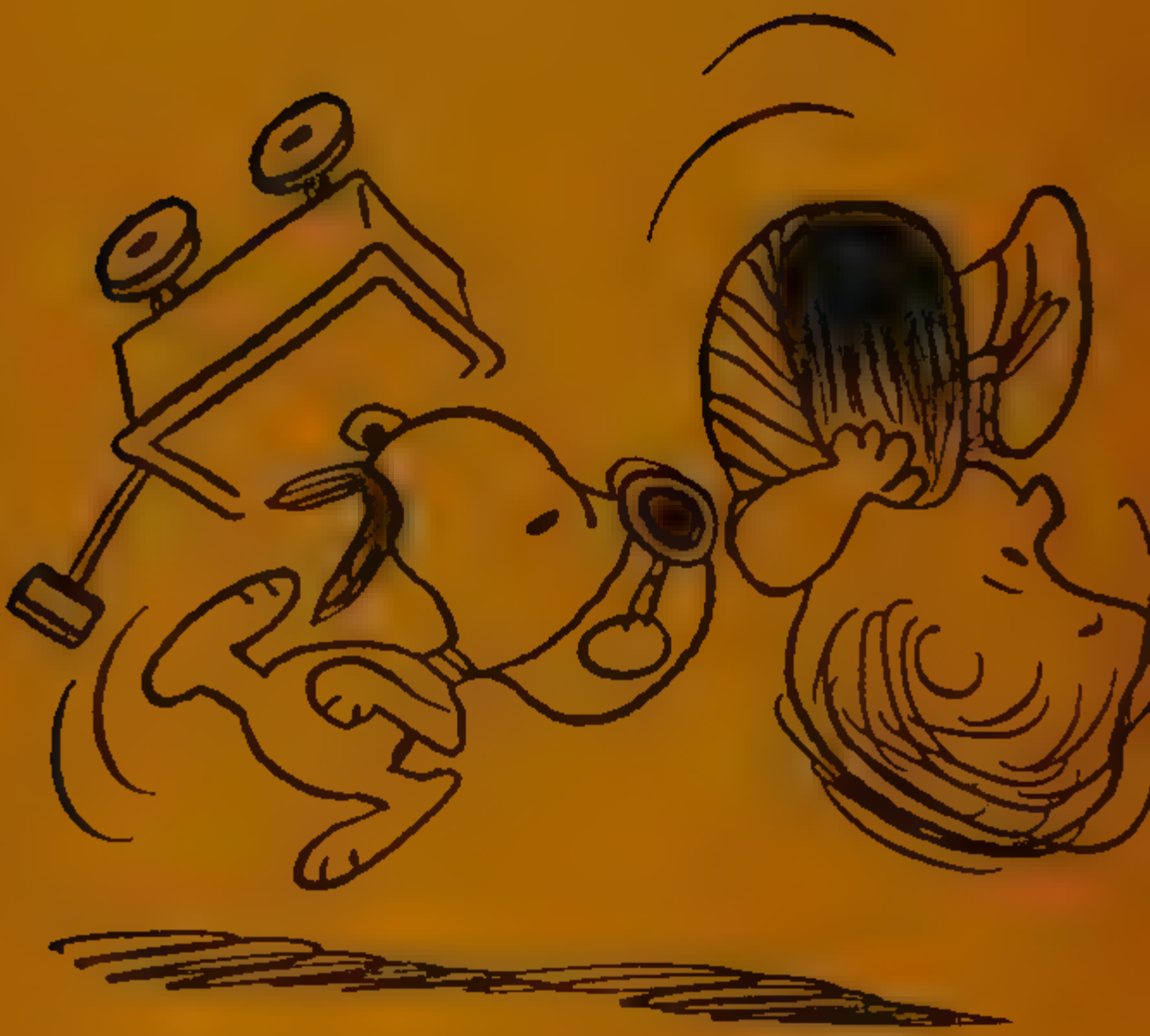
I've got to find that ammunition train, and destroy it.

What's this? I can't believe it! It's the shy country lass...she's talking to the train engineer... that girl is a spy!

To think that I almost lost my heart to her...I would have taken her back to the states with me, if she hadn't been so ugly.

I'll put on my famous disguise, and find out their plans...

“Wo ist der root beer hall?”



Suddenly, I see my chance...I leap for the ammunition train, and destroy it.

A desperate bid for freedom!

Here's the World War I flying ace, back at the aerodrome somewhere in France...he thinks of the war, the simple country lass who deceived him, and the Red Baron... and he is plagued by the eternal question....

"Where's my toasted English muffin?"

The End

"Some day I'll get you Red Baron!"

How many Sopwith Camels will Snoopy lose before he finally gets the Red Baron?

How many cold English muffins and flat root beers does it take?

How many sweet country lasses would he have to leave behind?

When can he finally shake his fist in victory and say "You got your just deserts, Red Baron! Curse you and this stupid war!"

Read The Further Adventures Of The Most Famous World War 1 Flying Ace Of Them All In

SNOOPY AND HIS SOPWITH CAMEL

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Humour

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